Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyl,
Breathleſſe and faint, leaning upon my ſword
Came there a certain Lord; neat and trimly
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harveſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and tookt away again,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cal'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome coarſe,
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,
With many holy day, and Lady tearms.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Majeſties behalf.
I then all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo brisk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentle-woman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſave the mark;
And telling me the ſoveraign'ſt thing on earth,
Was parmacity for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeter ſhould be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſſe earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile gunnes,
He would have been himſelf a Souldier.
This bald unjoynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 THE BODLEIAN